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THE
MANCHESTER SONGSTER:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST FAVORITE

SONGS,

That have been sung at the Public Places of Entertainment

IN LONDON,

AND

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

SELECTED FROM

THE WOODMAN, SURRENDER OF CALAIS,
NO SONG NO SUPPER, &c. &c.

AND THE MOST APPROVED

SONGS OF DIBDIN,

AND OTHER CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

MANCHESTER:

PRINTED BY G. SWINDELLS.

1792.



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Tho'
Since

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That

THE
MANCHESTER SONGSTER.

THE MOST ADMIRABLE AIRS

In the COMIC OPERA of

THE WOODMAN.

AIR.—MRS. DAVIS.

THERE's a something in kissing—I cannot tell
why,
Makes my heart in a tumult jump more than breast
high:

For nine times in ten,

So teasing,

And pleasing,

We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again, and again!

Tho' a kiss stop my breath, oh! how little care I,
Since a woman at some time or other must die!

For nine times in ten,

So teasing,

And pleasing,

We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again, and again!

AIR.—Mr. BARRET.

SURELY woman's a powerful creature
 In every stage of her life,
 So arm'd at all points by dame Nature,
 As Maiden—Miss—Widow—or Wife!
 In her bloom, ev'ry glance she shoots thro' you;
 Even after her laram's well strung:—
 And sure is that force to subdue you,
 Which shifts from the eye to the tongue!

AIR.—Mr. CONGDON.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
 All the charms of my Emily knew;
 How oft has its course been forgot,
 While it paus'd, her dear image to woo!
 Believe me, the fond silver tide
 Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
 For silently swelling with pride—
 It reflected her back to the skies!

AIR.—Miss WEBB.

ZEPHYR, come thou playful minion,
 Greet with whispers soft mine ear!
 Hence! each breeze of ruder pinion,
 Tell me I have nought to fear!
 Gently, Zephyr, wing him over,
 Tho' I ne'er behold him more;
 With the breath of some young lover,
 Waft him to his native shore!

AIR.—MR. CONGDON.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
 There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
 The bright sun-shine that soften'd the scene
 Was—a *smile from the girl of my heart!*

Not a swain when the lark quits her nest,
 But to labour with glee will depart,
 If at eve he expects to be blest
 With—a *smile from the girl of his heart!*

Come then crosses and cares as they may,
 Let my mind still this maxim impart,
 That the comfort of man's fleeting day
 Is—a *smile from the girl of his heart!*

AIR.—MR. RICHARDSON.

ON Freedom's happy land
 My task of duty done,
 With *Mirth's* light-hearted band
 Why not the lowly *Woodman* one?
On Freedom's happy land, &c.

Tho' Fortune's smiles our groves forsake,
 Mirth may be left behind;
 For wealth can neither give, nor take
 This treasure of the mind!
On Freedom's happy land, &c.

Come, Cheerfulness, with blithsome gait,
 Trip by the peasant's side;
 While Care—in cold, and fullen state,
 Sits on the brow of pride.
On Freedom's happy land, &c.

AIR.—MR. FRANCIS.

MY heart is as honest and brave as the best;
 My body's as sound as a roach;
 Tho' in gay fangled garments I never was drest,
 Nor stuck up my nob in a coach;
 If Fortune refuses to flow with my stream,
 My sacks with her riches to fill,
 Why surely 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame—
 And not honest *Bob of the Mill*.
 My breast is as artless, and blithe as my lay,
 From my cottage Content never flies;
 She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,
 And I know how to value the prize;
 Would the girl that I love, then, but give me her
 hand,
 The world it may wag as it will;
 I defy the first 'Squire, or Lord of the Land,
 To dishonour plain *Bob of the Mill*.

AIR.—MR. TYRREL.

OH! fear not my courage, prov'd over and over,
 Your soldier will rout each impertinent lover;
 With a row-dow! I'll guard you—the foe shall
 your presence fly,
 Who to fall in love here—must have tumbled, faith
 pretty high!
 With wide spreading charms, like the *Lake of*
Killarney,
 Dear creature, oh! listen to none of the barney,
 Your true-hearted lad is come galloping to you,
 Oh! the *Salmon's leap's* nought to his flight to pur-
 sue you.

With a row dow, &c.

Your short date of beauty—your glib tongue
 contrasting,
 Like our own *Giant's Causeway*, will prove ever-
 lasting!

Wish a row down, &c.

AIR.—Miss WEBB.

SWEET inmate—*Sensibility!*
 How pure thy transports flow,
 When even grief that springs from thee,
 Is luxury in woe!

Without thee—where's the sigh of love,
 Or blush by grace refin'd?—

Where Friendship's sacred tear to prove
 The triumph of the mind?

Rondeau—Sweet inmate, &c.

AIR.—Mr. RICHARDSON.

GOOD lack a day!

I would not for the land I hold,
 Nor sacks brim-full of British gold

My trust betray:

I'll do such deed for no man!

My maxim is, to do my best,
 To make each creature round me blest—

Much more—a helpless Woman!

AIR.—Mr. CONGDON.

'TIS in vain for succour calling,
 Hope no more my bosom cheers!

Cruel Fate that bliss appalling,
With her scroll of joyless years!
Come, despair! and distraction! confound me!
Add still to my life's wretched load;
And while your mix'd horrors surround me,
This desert of wildness shall be my abode!

THE MOST FAVOURITE
SONGS
in the
SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. CONGDON.

MY comrades, so famish'd and queer,
Hear the drums how they jollily beat!
They fill our French hearts with good cheer,
Altho' we have nothing to eat.

Rub a dub.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Nothing to eat—Rub a dub,
Rub a dub—we have nothing to eat!

Then, hark to the merry-ton'd fife—
To hear it will make a man younger;
I tell you, my lads, this is life;
For any one dying with hunger.

Toot a toot.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Dying with hunger—Toot a toot,
Toot a toot—we are dying with hunger!

The foe to inspire you to beat,
 Only list to the trumpet, so shrill !
 Till the enemy's kill'd we can't eat ;
 Do the job—you may eat all you kill.

Ran ta ran,

CHORUS.

We'll eat all we kill—Ran ta ran !
 Ran ta ran—we may eat all we kill !

GRAND MARTIAL CHORUS.

WAR has still its melody ;——
 When blows come thick and arrows fly,
 When the soldier marches o'er
 The crimson field, knee-deep in gore ;
 By carnage, and grim death surrounded,
 And groans of dying men confounded ;
 If the warlike drum he hears,
 And the shrill trumpet strikes his ears,
 Rous'd by the spirit-stirring tones,
 Music's influence he owns ;
 His lusty heart beats quick and high,——
 War has still its melody !

But when the hard-fought day is done,
 And the battle's fairly won ;
 Oh ! then he trolls the jolly note,
 In triumph, thro' his rusty throat :
 And all the story of the strife
 He carols to the merry fife.
 His comrades join, their feats to tell ;
 The chorus then begins to swell :
 Loud martial music rends the sky !——
 This is the soldier's melody !——

(10)

SONG.

Sung by Miss WEBB.

"My Zelica, now."

I Tremble to think that my foldier's so bold,
To see with what danger he gets all his gold;
Yet, danger all over, 'twill keep out the cold,
And we shall be warm when we're marry'd.

For riches, 'tis true that I covet them not,
Unless 'tis to better my dear foldier's lot;
And he shall be master of all I have got,
The very first moment we're marry'd.

My heart, how it beats! but to look to the day,
In church, when my father will give me away;
But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many say,
A day or two after we're marry'd.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. TYRRELL.

(Old Irish tune.)

OH! the moment was sad, when my love and
I parted;

Savournna Deligh shighna oh!

As I kifs'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savournna, &c.

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand—no marble was colder!

I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savournna, &c.

When the word of command put our men into
motion,
Savournna, &c.

O, I buckled my knapsack, to cross the wide ocean,
Savournna, &c.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder!
Pleas'd with the voyage—impatient for plunder;
My bosom with grief, was almost torn asunder.
Savournna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far from my true
Savournna, &c. [love;

All my pay, and by booty, I hoarded for you love;
Savournna, &c.

Peace was proclaim'd; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home—my sweet girl I fought her;—
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her.
Savournna, &c.

DUET.

By Mr. BATES, and Miss WEBB.

Miss WEBB.

COU'D you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining?
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you were gone campaigning,
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Cou'd never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Wou'd go with you all the world over.

Mr. BATES.

Cheer, cheer my love, you shall not grieve:
A soldier true you'll find me:
I shou'd not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me.

Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Shou'd never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Shall go with me all the world over.

Mr. BATES.

And can you to the battle go,
To woman's fear a stranger?

Miss WEBB.

No fear my breast will ever know,
But when my love's in danger.
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Will go with you all the world over.

BOTH

Then let the world jog as it will,
Let hollow friends forsake us;
We both shall be as happy still
As war and love can make us.
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Shall go with { you }
 { me } all the world over.

GRAND CHORUS.

SOUND, found, in solemn strains and slow;
Dully beat the muffled drum,

Bid the hollow trumpets blow ;
 In dead'ned tones, clear, firm, and low ;
 For see ! the patriot Heroes come.
 Recorded still in future years,
 Green in a nation's gratitude and tears.
 Peace to the heroes, peace ! who yield their blood,
 And perish, nobly, for their country's good !
 Peace to their noble souls ! their bodies die,
 Their fame shall flourish long in memory !

Sung by Miss WEBB.

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
 While at home she tarries,
 What must be the lass's life
 Who a soldier marries.
 Nor with weary marching spent,
 Dancing now before the tent—
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,
 Wind and weather scorning ;
 Only griev'd her love must rise,
 And quit her in the morning ;
 But, the doubtful skirmish done,
 Blithe she sings at set of sun,
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 With her jolly soldier.

Shou'd the Captain of her dear,
 Use his vain endeavour,
 (Whispering nonsense in her ear)
 Two fond hearts to sever.

At his passion she will scoff,
 Laughing thus, she'll put him off,—
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 For her jolly soldier!

GRAND CHORUS.

English.

REAR our English banner high,
 In token proud of victory!
 Where'er our god of battle strides,
 Loud sound the trump of fame;
 Where'er the English warrior rides,
 May laurel'd conquest grace his name!

French.

Yet on the victor's heart let truth engrave,
 That heaven-born Mercy best becomes the brave,

English.

Rear, rear the English banner high,
 In token proud of victory!

JACK THE GUINEA PIG.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd, and ship's un-
 moor'd,
 And landsmen lay behind, fir,
 The sailor, joyful, ships on board,
 And swearing prays for a wind, fir.

*Towing here, yeoing there,
 Steadily, readily; cherrily, merrily,
 Still from care and thinking free,
 Is a sailor's life at sea.*

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
 And landsmen all grow sick, fir,
 The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,
 And the song and can go quick, fir.
Laughing here, quaffing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
 And sings to landsmen dreary,
 The sailor, fearless, goes to sleep,
 Or takes his watch most cheerly.
Boozing here, snoozing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the sky grows black and the wind blows hard,
 And landsmen skulk below, fir,
 Jaek mounts up to the top-main-yard,
 And turns his quid as he goes, fir.
Hawling here, bawling there,
Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
 And landsmen cry "all's gone, fir,"
 The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
 And he jokes with Davy Jones, fir.
Dashing here, clashing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,
 And landsmen hoist the boat, fir,
 The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
 While a single plank's afloat, fir.
Swearing here, tearing there,
Steadily, &c.

Sung by Mr. TYRREL. in the Surrender of Calais.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,
 My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold
 whisky;

My uncle was rich, but wou'd never be easy,
 Till I was inlisted by Corporal Casey.—
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 My dear little Shelah, I thought wou'd run crazy,
 When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey!

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
 On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking:
 But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey!—
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 The devil go with him! I ne'er cou'd be lazy,
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
 And who shou'd the first be that dropt?—why, an't
 please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey;—
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
 Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Set by Mr. Hook.—Sung by Mr. CONGDON.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
 The moon in her beauty appears;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
 The music of love in our ears.
 Maria appear, now the season so sweet
 With the beat of the heart is in tune;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel;
 I sigh—can a lover do more?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria! my love, do you long for the grove?
 Do you sigh for an interview soon?
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
 Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow;
 Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
 Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond a lover his boon?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the moon?

THE SHIPWRECK.

Written and composed by Mr. DIBDIN.

AVERT yon omen, gracious Heav'n,
 The ugly scud;
 By rising winds resistless driv'n,
 Kisses the flood.
 How hard the lot for Sailors' cast,
 That they should roam,
 For years to perish thus at last,
 In sight of home:
 For if the coming gale we mourn,
 A tempest blows,
 Our vessel's shatter'd so and torn,
 That down she goes.

The tempest comes while meteors red
 Portentous fly,
 And now we touch old Ocean's bed,
 Now reach the sky.
 On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
 Friends seem to wait,
 To snatch us in this dreadful night,
 Dark as our fate.

Unless some kind, some pitying pow'r
 Should interpose ;
 She labours so within this hour,
 Down she goes ?
 But see, on rosy pinions borne
 O'er the mad deep,
 Reluctant beams the forrowing morn,
 With us to weep.

Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light,
 Dreadful to think ;
 The morn is ris'n in endless night,
 Our hopes to sink—
 She splits—she parts—through sluices driv'n,
 The water flows ;
 Adieu, ye friends—Have mercy, heav'n !
 For down she goes.

Sung by Mrs. DAVIS, in the SPOIL'D CHILD.

SINCE, then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
 To quit each object of my infant care ;
 Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
 And driven the keenest, keenest storms of fate to
 bear :

Ah! forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns too sure, wou'd break my sinking heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here!
And when, perhaps you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns too sure, wou'd break my sinking heart.

Sung by Mr. TYRREL, in No Song No Supper.

Writtent and compos'd by Mr. DIBDIN.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then, he takes it cheerly;
Blest with a smiling can of grog,
If duty call, stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog,
The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish,
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head,
The pond'rous anchor fish.
For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man.
*We sing a little, and laugh a little,
And work a little, and swear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot a little,
And swig the flowing cann.*

If howling winds and roaring seas,
Give proof of coming danger,

We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack's to fear a stranger.
 Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
 Where now below,
 We headlong go,
 Now rise on mountains high,
 Spite of the gale,
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful rief,
 Or man the deck,
 To clear some wreck,
 To give the ship relief.
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our case is hard,
 Tho' storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home, a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us;
 Now too, the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gaily sing and laugh.
 The sails we furl,
 Then, for each girl,
 The petticoat display,
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey,
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

Sung by Mr. CONGDON, in No Song No Supper.

HOW happily my life I led,
 Without a day of sorrow,
 To plough and sow,
 To reap and mow,
 No care beyond the morrow:
 In heat, or cold, in wet or dry,
 I never grumbled, no, not I;
 My wife, 'tis true,
 Loves words a few,
 What then, I let her prate;
 For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
 I found myself still rich enough,
 In the joys of an humble state.

But when with law I craz'd my head,
 I lost both peace and pleasure,
 Long says to hear,
 To search and swear,
 And plague beyond all measure,
 One grievance brought another on,
 My debts increase, my stock is gone;
 My wife she says
 Our means 'twill raise,
 What then, 'tis idle prate,
 For sometimes smooth, &c.

Sung by Miss WEBB, in No Song No Supper.

WITH lowly suit, and plaintive ditty,
 I call the tender mind to pity,
 My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
 And chilling poverty's my lot;
 From passing strangers aid entreating,
 I wander thus alone forgot:

Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And Heav'n reward you with it's blessing.

Here's tales of love, and maids forsaken;
Of battles fought, and captives taken;
The jovial tar, so boldly sailing,
Or cast upon some distant shore,
The hapless bride his loss bewailing,
And fearing ne'er to see him more!
Relieve my woes, &c.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. CONGDON and Mrs. DAVIS.

- Crop.* I Think I'll venture to surmise,
I know who'll speak the first,
Dor. You think, no doubt, you're wondrous wise,
Before I'll speak I'll burst.
Both. Depend upon't you'll have the worst,
Crop. Can you your tongue keep in?
Dor. Yes, when shall we begin?
Crop. When I hold up my thumb.
Both. Agreed, agreed, now, now take heed
Crop. When I hold up my thumb.
Dor. Agreed. I'm silent—mum,
Crop. Mum, mum.

Sung by Mr. TYRREL, in No Song No Supper.

THREE years a sailor's life I led,
And plough'd the roaring sea,
For why her foes should England dread,
Whilst all her sons are free;

From France and Spain to earn my bread,
 I thought it fair d'ye see,
 And if a shot had ta'en my head,
 Why there was an end of me.

A med'cine sure for grief or care,
 I steer'd my course to find,
 Thenceforth an easy sail to bear,
 And run before the wind:
 Their conj'ring skill let doctors boast,
 And nostrums of their shop,
 Where'er we search from coast to coast,
 There's none like the golden drop.

For gold we sail the world around,
 And dare the tempests rage,
 For when the sparklers once are found,
 They'll ev'ry ill assuage.
 *Twixt Jew and Christian, not a fig
 Of diff'rence here we find;
 The Jew no loathing has to pig,
 If 'tis of the Guinea kind.

Sung by Miss WEBB, in No Song No Supper.

A CROSS the downs this morning,
 As betimes I chanc'd to go;
 A shepherd led his flock abroad,
 All white as driven snow,
 But one was most the shepherd's care,
 A lamb so sleek, so plump and fair,
 Its wond'rous beauties in a word,
 To let you fairly know,
 'Twas such as Nelly from the file,
 Took off not long ago.

This lamb was blithe as midsummer,
 His frolic gambols play'd,
 And now of all the flock a-head,
 The pretty wanton stray'd;
 A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes,
 Rush'd forth and seiz'd the tender prize;
 The shepherd'd saw, and rais'd a stone,
 So round, so large I vow,
 'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
 Upon the shelf just now.
 This monstrous stone the shepherd flung,
 And well his aim he took,
 Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd
 Around to cast a look;
 But fled as swift with footsteps light,
 As he who brought the wine to-night:
 I try'd to stop the thief, but he
 Turn'd round in rage, good lack!
 So mad the lawyer scarce can be
 That's hid in yonder sack.

THE POOR MARINER.

Sung by Mr. CONGDON.

THE winds whistl'd shrilly, chill rain down was
 streaming,
 When from a dark cell where the sun ne'er had
 beam'd in,
 Worn out with great age, press'd with hunger and
 grief,
 A sad son of Neptune call'd forth for relief:
 Give relief to,—oh, give relief to the poor Mariner.
 He tremblingly begg'd, as the affluent pass'd him,
 The poor mite benevolent charity would cast him,

Whilst from his dim eyes, hid by darkness' thick
veil,

The big tear gush'd forth while he told his sad tale!
Give relief to, &c.

These eyes oft have seen the proud sink before me,
Have sparkled with joy at the signal of glory;
Have seen Britain's flag oft to conquest aspire,
Tho' now lost in darkness for want I expire!
Give relief to, &c.

My life's been expos'd in defence of our laws,
I've bled at each vein to support freedom's cause;
The billows of danger have stemm'd without dread,
Now faintly I struggle, now beg for my bread!
Give relief to, &c.

Assist me, he said;—the words tremblingly hung
In accents most piteous on the vet'ran's tongue;
When the grim King of Terrors his sufferings re-
garded,
And snatch'd him from hence, to where virtue's re-
warded!
Death gave relief to, &c.

G L E E.

In the BATTLE of HEXHAM.

WHEN Arthur first at Court began,
To wear long-hanging sleeves;
He entertain'd three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.
The first he was an Irishman,
The second was a Scot;
The third he was a Welshman,
And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd Ale call'd Blue-cap ;
 The Welshman he lov'd Toasted Cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.
 Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in Ale ;
 The Welchman had like to've been choak'd
 by a mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

Written and sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
 That tears from a stone might provoke,
 'Tis concerning a tar you must know,
 As honest as e'er buiscuit broke ;
 His name was Ben Block, of all men,
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave,
 But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
 In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more,
 His heart was all kindness and love,
 Tho' on duty an eagle he'd soar ;
 His nature had most of the dove.
 He lov'd a fair maiden nam'd Kate ;
 His father to interest a slave,
 Sent him far from his love, where hard fate,
 Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues,
 A false friend his nature abus'd,
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
 To poison Ben's pleasure accus'd ;

That she never had truly been kind,
 That false were the tokens she gave,
 That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
 In the ocean a watery grave.

To be sure from this cank'rous elf
 The venom accomplish'd his end,
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,
 Suspected no fraud in his friend.
 On the yard, while suspended in air,
 A loose to his sorrows he gave,
 Take thy wish, he cry'd, false, cruel fair,
 And plung'd in a watery grave.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Sung by Mr. DIEDIN.

A DIEU, adieu! my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee;
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee:
 What though by duty I am call'd,
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where Valor's self might stand appall'd,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heaven above thy tender orisons are flown,
 The tender prayer thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving;

Let perils come, let horrors threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assured when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee;
 I go assur'd, my life adieu!
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of my true love,
 To heaven above, &c.

SOUND ARGUMENT:

OR, WE'LL ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay,
 Alas are the children of sorrow;
 And though brisk and merry to-day,
 We all may be wretched to-morrow.
 For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Left pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant the best blessing we know,
 Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,
 And yet, lest the friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure:

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
 Thus riches and health are a bubble,
 Sure there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,
 That on earth would be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife
 To whom truth and honour are given:
 But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
 That with all my respect to the fair,
 I'd advise him to figh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy.
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,
 And that, since we must all of us die,
 We should taste no enjoyment while living.

S O N G.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

BEN BACKSTAY lov'd the gentle Anna,
 Constant as purity was she,
 Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
 Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.
 One fatal morning saw them parting,
 While each the other's sorrow dry'd,
 They, by the tear that then was starting,
 Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
 While howling winds the sky deform,
 Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
 And braves for love the frightened storm.
 Alas! in vain the vessel batter'd,
 On a rock splitting, opens wide,
 While lacerated, torn and shatter'd,
 Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each charming feature,
 That Ben had worn around his neck,
 Where art stood substitute for nature,
 A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.
 In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
 Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
 The portrait came—joy turn'd to mourning,
 She saw, grew pale, fell down, and died!

Sung by Mrs. DAVIS, in the SPOIL'D CHILD.

I AM a brisk and sprightly lad,
 But just come home from sea, Sir ;
 Of all the lives I ever led,
 A sailor's life for me, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo.

*Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
 With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.*

What girl but loves the metry tar,
 We o'er the ocean roam, Sir :
 In ev'ry clime we find a port,
 In ev'ry port a home, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
 Each hastens to his gun, Sir ;

We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
And bang the haughty Don, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd—once more on shore,
We spend our cash with glee, Sir,
And when all's gone, we drown our care,
And out again to sea, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

CHARMING KITTY.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at Vauxhall.

THO' many a nymph may claim my song,
For shape and grace, and features handsome,
Yet, Kate, such charms to thee belong,
As well as are worth a monarch's ransom,
And had I India's wealth in store,
I'd shun with joy the court or city;
And live sequester'd evermore,
With thee sweet maid, my charming Kitty.

I many an acre, Kate, can boast,
Large tracts of land, and golden treasure;
Then come, sweet girl, I love thee most,
I'll lay it at thy feet with pleasure.
For thee I'll e'en the sex resign,
The fair, the brown, the gay, the witty;
If thou'lt be mine, and only mine,
Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

Then leave the shepherds, bonny Kate,
Lay by the crook, each care give over;
And let me henceforth on thee wait—
A task how pleasing to a lover!

My life I'll dedicate to thee,
 And sing thee oft a tender ditty;
 If thou'lt consent to live with me,
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

POOR TOM:

OR, THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew,
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him too.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blyth and jolly—
 Ah! many's the time and oft;
 But mirth is turn'd to melanco'y,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When HE who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands:
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 Tom's life has vainly doff'd;
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

THE

POOR LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR BOY.

By Mr. J. Cross.

NEAR the Jaws of a prison in whose dismal
gloom,

Disease sat by Penury's side,

And the culprit with terror broods over his doom,

A child of distress sadly sigh'd ;

Adown his wan cheeks slowly trickled the tear,

Bereft was his bosom of joy,

" And alas ! I am driven almost to despair ;"

Cry'd the poor little blind Beggar Boy !

" My father whose labour provided each meal,

" And to poverty oft gave relief,

" In these walls is confin'd, by hearts harder than

" steel,

" And my mother's been murder'd by grief,

" The infant companions, who oft were my guides

" No longer their friendship employ,

" And the misery—light hearted pleasure derides,

" Of the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

" The Debt which alas ! a false friend made him

" owe,

" Robb'd my parent of liberty's sweets,

" Each moment he breathes is imbitter'd with woe

" And nought but misfortune he meets :

" Each slender refreshment's from charity's store,

" Or famine his span would destroy,

" And alas ! that kind hand that reliev'd, is no

" more,"

Cry'd the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

Thus mournful he pleaded, when sudden as thought
 This tale near depriv'd him of breath,
 That his father was gone, and his spirit had fought
 For peace in the bosom of death :
 He rush'd (for affection each sense did inspire)
 To his cell, every means to employ
 To revive him, then clasping the corpse of his fire
 Died the poor blind Beggar Boy.

SONG in the PICTURE of PARIS,

Introduced by Mr. TYRREL, in the WOODMAN.

THERE was an Irish lad
 Who lov'd a cloyster'd Nun,
 And it made him very sad,
 For what was to be done :
 He thought it was a big shame, a most confounded
 sin,
 That she could not get out at all, and he could not
 get in ;
 Yet he went every day, he cou'd do nothing more,
 Yet he went ev'ry day to the Convent door,
 And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, Gramacree, and
 Paddy-whack.
 To catch a glympse of her
 He play'd thousand tricks,
 The bolts he tried to stir,
 And he gave the walls some kicks ;
 He stamp'd, and rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd, and
 many times he swore,
 Yet he went every day, he made it a rule,
 Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd like a fool,
 And he sung, &c.

One morn she left her bed
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped,
 To take a little peep,
 And what did she do then? I'm sure you'll think it
 right,
 She bade the honest Lad good day, and she bade
 the Nuns good night:
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away,
 And they sung, &c.

SONG in the PICTURE of PARIS,

Introduced by Mr. TYRREL, in the WOODMAN.

THE turban'd turk who scorns the world,
 May strut about with his whiskers curl'd,
 Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,
 For nobody else but himself to see:
 Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran,
 Before he can love like an Irishman.

The gay Monsieur, a slave no more,
 The solemn Don, and the soft Signor,
 The Dutch Mynbeer, so full of pride,
 The Russian, Prussian, Swede beside:
 That all may do whate'er they can,
 But they'll never love like an Irishman.

The London folks themselves beguile,
 And think they please in a capital stile;
 Yet let them ask, as they cross the street,
 Of any young virgin they happen to meet,
 And I know she'll say, from behind her fan,
 That there's none can love like an Irishman.

TIPPY BOB.

*Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, in the new Pantomime of the
BLUE BEARD.*

MY name's Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each fob,
View me round on each side and the top,
I am sure I'm the thing,
Nay I wish I may swing,
If I an't now a nice natty crop.
I am up to each rig,
Of my hat smoke the gig,
Like candles my locks dangle down,
And look in my rear,
As an ostrich I'm bare,
But the knowingest smart of the town.
The girls cry out Bobby,
Come here Bobby, pretty Bobby,
Now squeaking, now bawling.
Then pulling and hauling,
So smirking and pleasing,
So coaxing and teasing,
I can't get them out of my nob.
My vest a foot long,
Nine capes in a throng,
My breeches—my small clothes I mean,
From my chest to my calf,
Damn the mob! let them laugh,
I dress not by them to be seen.
The strings of my knees,
Like a chevaux-de-frize,
My boots to the small of my leg;
My stick the none-such,
No crop can me touch,
For I swear I'm at home to a peg.
As I walk thro' the lobby, &c.

Observe well my shape,
 And the fall of my cape,
 It's the thing! quite the thing! damme an't it,
 And this bow round my neck,
 Would at least hold a peck,
 It may catch some old Duchefs too (mayn't it,)
 Then under this collar,
 I've got a large roller,
 'Tis just like a huge German fausage;
 And squeez'd up so tight,
 That by this good light,
 It goes nearly to stop up the passage.
 As I walk thro', &c.

SONGS in the WOODMAN.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. BATES, and Mrs. DAVIS.

Meeley. **H**AVING brought my suit to issue,
 I may venture close to kiss you,
 Lovely Dolly!—dearest Doll!
 Ever singing toll-de-roll.

Dolty. Aye! but when my charms are falling,
 Shall I then still hear you calling
 “ Lovely Dolly!—dearest Doll!
 Ever singing toll-de-roll? &c.”

Medley. You're a woman, } made for ever!

Dolly. You're a man, Sir, }

Both. Hold your head up now, my dear,

Such a match for you, how clever!

You'll be convey'd far and near,
 Ever singing toll-de-roll, &c.

A I R.—Mr. BARRET.

WHAT mortal e'er saw such a creature?
 How prettily turn'd ev'ry feature!
 A mouth chafly simple!
 A chin deck'd with dimple,
 A cheek that discloses
 Full-blown damask roses,
 With a lip like a ruby that's brought from afar,
 And an eye—that out-twinkles the bright morning
 star!

A I R.—Mrs. POWELL.

YOUNG women should shun tittle-tattle;
 Like sun-dials, never should prattle;
 Just tell what they're ask'd, and be still!
 But girls are so idle,
 Their tongue they won't bridle,
 So gallop it goes—like the clack of a mill!
 We gentry you never hear rattle,
 Like furies engag'd in a battle:
 Of talking we soon have our fill:
 But girls are so idle, &c.

IRISH DRINKING SONG,

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

OF the ancients its speaking my soul wou'd be
 after,
 Dat they never got how come you so?
 Would you seriously make the good folks die with
 laughter?
 To be sure their dog's tricks we don't know.

Wid your smalliliow nonsense, and all your queer
boerns,

Since whiskey's a liquor divine,
To be sure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Did not love a fly sup of good wine.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,
Would swig till as drunk as a beast,
Den what do you think of that rogue Epicurus?
Was he not a tight hand at a feast?

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank
hard,

When he no more worlds could subdue,
Shed tears to be sure, but 'twas tears of the tankard,
To refresh him—and pray would not you?

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Den dat t'other old fellow they called Aristotle,
Such a devil of a tippler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,
The tae' stagger'd into the sea.

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Den they made what they call of their wine a li-
bation,

Which as all authority quotes,
They threw on the ground, mufha what boderation,
To be sure 'twas not thrown down their throats.

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

TO ask would you come for to go,
How a true-hearted tar you'd discern,
He's as honest a fellow I'd have you to know,
As e'er stept between stem and stern;

Let furious winds the vessel waft,
 In his station amid ships, or fore or aft,
 He can pull away, cast off, belay,
 Aloft, alow, avast yeo ho!
 And hand, reef, and steer,
 Know each halliard and jeer,
 And of duty every rig;
 But my joy and delight
 Was on Saturday night,
 A drop of the creature to swig.
 There was Kit, with a cast in his eye,
 And Tom, with a timber toe,
 And shambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
 All wounded a fighting the foe.
 Three lads, though crazy grown and crank,
 As true as ever Bumbo drank;
 For they'd pull away, &c.
 Then over life's ocean I'll jog,
 Let the storm, or the Spaniards come on;
 So but sea room I get, and my skitt full of grog,
 I fear neither devil nor don.
 For I am the lad that's spract and dact,
 In my station amid ships, or fore, or aft,
 I can pull away, &c.

THE JOLLY FUSTIAN-CUTTER,

*Written by Mr. ERRINGTON, and sung by him at the
 Theatre-Royal, Manchester.*

WHEN Adam kept house in the garden of Eden,
 His wife and himself nought but fruit had
 to feed on;
 The fig-tree alone was their wardrobe we're told,
 No pockets they needed for silver or gold.
 Derry down, &c.

No cash they e'er wanted, no creditors knew,
 Whatever they wish'd for, around them it grew;
 Their clothes knew no *cutting*, their food ne'er felt
 knife,

Without thought of either, they jogg'd on thro' life.
 Derry down, &c.

From that time to this, Sirs, how alter'd the case,
 Now *cutting's* the game for food, clothing, and place;
 'Tis *cut* as *cut* can all the world thro' we see,
 But who *cut* so *fairly*, yet *constant* as *we*?

Derry down, &c.

Six days out of seven, from morning till night,
 For a *living* we *cut*; who can say we're not right?
 Tho' many *cross-cuts* in this life we may find,
 The *long-cut*, *strait forward's* the *cut* to my mind.

Derry down, &c.

One neighbour *his* neighbour may *cut* out of place,
 Such *cutting* can't *honestly* look in the face;
 The gamester, the cards he may *cut* to *himself*,
 Tho' the stake he secures 'tis but ill-gotten pelf.

Derry down, &c.

The spruce dancing master, as fine as a jay,
 His *capers* may *cut*, and his kit he may play;
 We can match him, I war'nt, if our work we pursue,
 Nor the *capers* alone, but the *mutton* cut too.

Derry down, &c.

May George sit secure on a peaceable throne;
 Nor our heart-of-oak standard be ever *cut* down;
 Should the Spaniards again dare to venture a rub,
 Their whiskers be d—d! they our *Fustians* can't drub,

Derry down, &c.

Long may *Fustian Cutters*, in sweet harmony,
 United work on, with the merchants agree;
 No strife or contentions arise to appal,
 Till *Death*, that fly *Cutter*, shall cut for us all.
 Derry down, &c.

BILL BOBSTAY.

Written and composed by Mr. DIBDIN.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with but none e'er so
 lightly,

As honest Bill Bobstay so kind and so true;
 He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,

The forecastle's pride, the delight of the crew.

But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters

He went, though his fortune was kind without end,
 For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of mat-
 ters,

For money, &c.

What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a
 friend.

There's Nipcheese the purser, by grinding and
 squeezing,

First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a rat;

The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,

And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog vane in his hat!

My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should
 rock her,

Tho' she roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,

No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,

When by handling it out he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes and cry, spight of
 the crosses,

And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,

That "Sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
 "To squander it idly like asses ashore."
 Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they
 measure

By their feeling, the gen'rous delight without end,
 That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
 The handling our rhino to succour a friend.

Why what's all this nonsense they talk of and pother,
 All about right's of man, what a plague are they
 at,

If they mean that each man to his messmate's a
 brother,

Why the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.
 The right's of us Britons we know's to be loyal,

In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
 To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
 To be true to our wives—and to succour a friend.

SATURDAY NIGHT; OR, WIVE'S AND SWEETHEARTS.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

'TIS said we vent'rous die-hards, when we leave
 the shore,

Our friends should mourn, lest we return to bless
 their sight no more;

But this is all a notion, bold Jack can't understand,
 Some die upon the ocean, and some on land:

Then since 'tis clear, howe'er we steer,

No man's life's under his command,

Let tempests howl, and billows roll, and danger
 press,

Of these, in spight, there are some joys us jolly tars
 to bless,

For Saturday night still comes my boys, to drink to
 Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
The purser swops our pay for slops, the landlord
fills us grog,

Thus each man to his station, to keep life's ship in
trim,

What argues noration, the rest is fortune's whim;
Cheerly my hearts, then play your parts,
Boldly resolve to sink or swim,

The mighty furge, may ruin urge, and danger
press, &c.

For all the world just like the ropes aboard a ship,
Each man's rigg'd out, a vessel stout, to take for life
a trip;

The shrouds, and stays, and braces, are joys, and
hopes, and fears,

The halliards, sheets, and traces, just as each pas-
sion veers;

And whim prevails, direct the sails,

As on the sea of life he fleers,

Then let the storm, heav'n's face deform, and dan-
ger press, &c.

THE YORKSHIRE FARMER.

Sung by Mr. BARRET.

A Song I will sing unto you,
A song of a merry intent;
It is of a filly old man,
That went to pay his rent.

La, la, la, &c.

And as he was riding along,

And riding along the highway,

A gentleman thief, slipt before the old man,
And unto him he did say, &c.

How dare you ride alone?
 So many thieves there be,
 If they should light of you,
 They'd rob you of your money, &c.

If they shou'd light of me,
 They wou'd be very ill sped;
 For to tell you the truth, kind sir,
 My money in my saddle I've hid, &c.

So as they were riding along,
 And going down a hill,
 This gentleman thief slipt before the old man,
 And he bid him to stand still, &c.

The old man being cunning,
 As in this world there are many;
 He threw the saddle o'er the hedge,
 Saying, fetch it if thou wou'd'st have any.

The thief being greedy of money,
 He thought there had been bags;
 Then with a rusty old sword,
 He chopt the saddle to rags, &c.

The old man put his foot in the stirrup,
 And presently he got astride;
 He put the thief's horse to a gallop,
 You need not bid the old man ride, &c.

Nay stay, nay stay, says the thief,
 And half of the money thou'st have;
 Nay, by my troth, says the old man,
 For once I have cheated a knave, &c.

So the old man rode along,
 And went with a merry devotion;
 Saying, if ever I live to get home,
 'Twill enlarge my daughter's portion, &c.

And having arrived home,
 And got there with a merry intent ;
 Says he, landlord, shew me a room,
 And I'll pay you your half year's rent, &c.
 They opened the thief's portmantean,
 And in it there was found,
 A hundred pounds in silver,
 And a hundred pounds in gold.
 Lal, la, la, &c.

My HEART is DEVOTED dear MARY to thee.

Sung by Mr. CONGDON.

THO' the muses ne'er smile by the light of the
 sun,

Yet they visit my cot when my labour is done ;
 And while on my pillow of straw I recline,
 A wreath of sweet flow'rets they sportively twine,
 But in vain the fair damsels weave chaplets for me,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

Full oft I reflect on my indigent state,
 But reflection and reason are ever too late :
 They tell me I sigh for too beauteous a fair,
 And fill my sad wishes with doubts and despair,
 Then hope kindly smiling averts the decree,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light
 dance,

With transports I see my dear Mary advance,
 Then such grace she displays while she trips 'mid
 the throng,

That each Shepherd with raptures to her tunes his
 song,

But by none she's lov'd with such truth as by me,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

SONG.

WHAT shou'd failors do on shore,
 Kifs the girls, and tofs the can;
 When the cannons cease to roar,
 Sweet's the voice of smiling Nan.
 Bring me first a spacious bowl,
 Deeper than a plummet's found;
 Give me next, a generous soul,
 That in loving knows no bound:
 Flowing ever let it be,
 If the tide good liquor move;
 Thus, my hearts, let's keep at sea
 Sailing with the girls we love.
 What shou'd failors, &c.

Nancy be my true love's name,
 And to compliment my dear,
 Bonny ship secure thy fame,
 Thou the darling title bear,
 To guard and bless thy favourite realm,
 Smiling thus, old Neptune spoke,
 I place my *William* at thy helm,
 Royal Will is heart of oak;
 Whether moor'd, or on a cruise,
 Sailors still in peace or war,
 Poise the linstock, brim the booze,
 Sing, Long live the royal tar.
 What shou'd failors, &c.

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

Sung by Mr. BOWDEN.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,

Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
 When softer devotion the senses invite.
 To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
 His potion oblivious a balm may bestow;
 But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The death of reflection's the birth of all woe!

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone?
 For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.
 The tender excess that enamours the heart
 To few is imparted—to millions deny'd;
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my
 doom,

And well can I speak of its joys and its strife;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse tho' the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight,
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul;
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
 Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly god! from the banquet remove:
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
 That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by
 love.